

FRANK PIXLEY,

A LICK-SPITTLE WHO RUNS THE S.F. ARGONAUT

Hurls his Lies and Vituperations at the Heads of the Citizens of Arizona.

And Says That No Indian Troubles Exist in This Territory.

We publish below, extracts from an editorial, written by that low-litler our Frank Pixley, who has been tolerated on this coast for a number of years, and published in his black mailing sheet called the Argonaut. We suggest that the citizens of this town and every town in the territory hang him in effigy, and that every news stand in the territory that keeps the Argonaut for sale, from this date, be boycotted, also any person who buys or subscribes for one. We ask the press of the territory to stand in with us on this proposition:

In the cruel and inhuman war that is now being waged in Arizona against the Apache Indians the Argonaut will be the only journal upon this coast, probably, that will have the courage to say that it is a cowardly and inexcusable plot of thieves and rascally contractors to make money by the wanton massacre of an innocent people. From our knowledge of this family of Indians, and from what we know of the wrongs that have been perpetrated against them by the Mexican government and the government of the United States, we do not hesitate to say that our sympathies are with the Apaches, and we wish we could hope that in the conflict now being waged against them, and other conflicts that will follow, they could be successful against, and triumphant over their enemies; we wish they could drive the cowardly, drunken gang of Arizona cowboys and volunteer Arizona blackguards who are on their warpath, into an ambuscade and murder them, as well as the dogs and the opportunity to give our personal friend General Crook, and his army a good sound thrashing, so that they might, first for once, dictate terms of peace and justice to the bloody raiders and murderers.

For that sake, if you must live, and we necessarily do, let go your souls and spirits from this sound jump and whooping, warlike Indian war.

If you are a set of white, treacherous scoundrels, explain to us who have crossed the continent and know something of Indians and India, were, and have lived in Indian country — explain to us how it is that you are so desperately frightened by an hundred or two of Indians — unarmed men, women and children — who are themselves frightened and endeavoring to escape from your unscrupulous desert bands to get into the mountains?

"Twenty-five million after twenty-five Indians." What bushwhackeaten men to be hunting Indians! "Rushing lightning bands!" That exchange! The shots were from the carbine, God bless it, as the Indians have no guns of ammunition. "It is though two Indians were killed." We know not, although it appears that an Indian mother was murdered, as the pursuing men evidently have possession of a young papoose. The Indians, however, say the account, as far as their ponies could carry them. Now it looks to us very much indeed as though the carbine was as bad as their ponies could run, having killed a pony, kidnapped one horse, and sold twenty-eight horses. It is fight shall occur tomorrow between the troops and the Indians, where will those brave savages be found. Probably in San Simon drinking whisky to keep up their courage, lest the Indians should rise and massacre them, as we sincerely hope he may live to do.

The parties of citizens and cowboys have captured twenty worn-out Indian ponies and the Indians have stolen fresh ones. We see nothing in this but a primitive way of swapping horses. We have been worse treated by white horse-jockeys right in San Francisco. And this is called war by the press and people of Arizona.

If Governor Stoneman should order out a military company every time a man was killed and several horses stolen, there would be a wild commotion among our California volunteers, and a wild chasing of horseback through the length and breadth of our state. Few! This business fairly stinks. War!

So that it does appear as though out of all this clamor 17 persons have been killed — whether by Indians or not, nobody knows. How many Indians have been killed, nobody inquires and nobody cares. The people — and now we mean the quiet, level-headed, sensible business men — of Arizona are allowing, in our opinion, their territory to be sacrificed to a miserable, cowardly band of worthless, idle, Indian-wandering vagabonds. This class is composed of traders, speculators, contractors, cattle-thieves, gamblers and cowboys, who find some temporary excitement and profit to arise from an Indian campaign, and the territory of Arizona suffers. Arizona has great resources; agricultural and mineral; it has splendid grazing lands.

Men and women of Arizona don't this cause your honest blood to leap and your heart to throb and burn with indignation, when you read such barbarous sentiments as these. This subsidized, this alienated, this deprived, inaccurate Indian land. This spawn of prostitution begot from an ancestry of heretics, and whose education is now practical and adherent to. This offspring of shame, who would cause a blush to appear upon the cheeks of Girtrea. This travesty upon the children of God, calls the men of Arizona who are protecting their wives and little ones from the murderous scalping knives of the Apache, call them Arizona blackguards. This assasin of character

and reputation of men whom he dare not imitate, if those prove plowers of the west, who bear all of the trials incident to this western life; in order to build up a home for those they love. This braggart sits in his luxurious quarters in San Francisco, far removed from the scenes of rapine and danger, from the inhuman toll and the swift and deadly onslaught of the wild Arizona Apache he prates so toringly about and tells the American people [of which he is no kin] that he trusts our sons our fathers and our brothers will be led into an ambuscade and "ambushed" by those Indians. In the name of the industrious and thrifty sons and daughters of this territory, to whose energy, thrift and brains it owes its existence, we brand this fellow PIXLEY as a scoundrel, a liar, a coward, and an abettor of the murders of innocent women and babies.

J. O. Bixby, M. T. Donovan, Gideon Elmer, J. Mastor, Oceanside; Charles Hendon, San Francisco; J. P. Heppen Denning; B. H. Peterson, Oceanside; J. M. Cuning, Sonora; are registered at the Occidental hotel.

At the election for officers of Cactus Lodge, No. 5 I. O. O. F. last evening the following officers were chosen: G. S. Bradshaw, N. G.; James F. Karem, V. G.; B. A. Parker, Recording secretary; E. Holden, R. W. Wood, L. Summerfield, trustees.

To those friends of California, notably the C. & P., who have stood so nobly by the people of this territory and counselled the adoption of a just and generous policy toward the Indians, we owe a lasting debt of gratitude.

The Indian chief who has crossed the continent and known something of Indians and India, were, and have lived in Indian country — explain to us how it is that you are so desperately frightened by an hundred or two of Indians — unarmed men, women and children — who are themselves frightened and endeavoring to escape from your unscrupulous desert bands to get into the mountains?

The Arizona Canal connecting the upper Salt river with Cave Creek, which has been in course of construction for the past two years is completed. The canal is twenty-two miles in length and will afford irrigation to 100,000 acres of heretofore sterile lands, and provide homes for several thousand people.

We will say to this monster of the Argonaut that the progress of this territory shall not be staid. That the wheels of industry shall move on. That should they in the course of their rotation come into contact with the murdering, thieving and insolent Apaches. That remorseless engine of destruction, that foe of the unworthy and helpless will pass serenely on its way.

Mining in a Graveyard.

Two prospectors have located an old graveyard in Lyon county, Nevada, as a mining claim. The Lyon County Times says that it is rumored that the parties who located the ground have information which leads them to believe that upon the bodies of two stage robbers who were buried in this cemetery several years ago there was a considerable amount of gold coin. The graves of these two robbers, through neglect, have been obliterated, so that it is impossible to tell where they are. The people who have friends buried there of course refused to allow the locators to dig up the bodies promiscuously, so the ground has been located as a mineral claim and will be thoroughly worked over by the prospectors in search of gold already coined into money.

County Court.

Hon. Wm. Sturz, Judge; A. G. Wallace, Clerk.

Minutes previous day read and approved.

The only thing before the court was making of a full citizen of Henry Langstrass.

Lost or Strayed.

One buckskin horse, four years old, about 15 hands high. No brand. One black horse, 8 years old, about 14½ hands high, Mexican brand on left hip and J. H. on shoulder. The above were last seen on the ranch of Thomas Donier at Tres Alamos. A liberatory word will be paid for this return to the Fashion Stables.

Charles Harris comes in the front. I received to-day, the latest and finest and best pants patterns ever seen in Tombstone. If any gentleman wants a pair of pants made of the latest goods and perfect fit, I will guarantee it or no pay. Pants made from \$11 up to \$14. Come and examine my goods. It don't cost you a cent to examine my goods.

Charles Harris.

Bauer's Block, Fifth St. Tombstone.

646.

OUR POT-POURRI.

OF GENERAL NEWS AND LOCAL NEWS.

Two Miners Locate a Mine in a Grave-Yard in Lyon County Nevada.

County Court News—County Records—Hotel Arrivals, Etc., Etc.

A. O. U. W. meet to-morrow night. Music, singing and square games at the Crystal Palace. 10-11.

To day has been the finest and the warmest of the season.

The Fourth of July committee will meet to night.

Anheuser Busch beer on draught, ice cold, at the Bank Exchange. 5-2-11.

The thermometer registered 92 degrees at noon to day.

A. Schwartz's shoes fit so well that they make the ladies smile. J. G.

Subscribe and advertise in THE TOOTH to the people's paper.

Fun, fun, wines, liquors and cigars at the Bank Exchange. 10-11.

The Arizona volunteers who returned yesterday, are resting to day.

All branches of business is picking up a little.

Everything is quiet to day, no Indian news of any kind has come to hand.

Don't forget that the public library is open from 1 to 4 o'clock and 8 to 9 o'clock.

Drop into the Crystal Palace for choice Anheuser beer on draught, ice cold, out of the patent German lounche. 10-11.

Ross Pixley's idea of the people of Arizona is another column, and then hang him in effigy to-night.

Get a pair of A. Schwartz's gent's walking shoes, and you will never need a corn doctor. 10-11.

Born in this city June 13th, to the wife of J. J. Harris, a son. Mother and child doing well.

When you take your lady out, wear Schwartz's shoes, and you will feel east and comfortable. 10-11.

Not an instrument was filed for record to day in the county recorder's office.

Mr. Will Gaunt, route agent for Wells, Fargo & Co., took his departure this morning for Fairbanks, when he will take the train for a trip over the route.

A good respectable, hotel housekeeper wanted. Apply at this office, or leave name and residence with the clerk of the Occidental hotel.

Gus (Roku) Williams, has purchased Hauff's saloon, and will be pleased to meet all of his old friends at that favorite resort.

Everybody is interested now as to whether we will celebrate the Fourth of July, and so is a Schwartz. He will furnish you the shoes to celebrate in. 10-11.

The Bank Exchange saloon opened again last night, after having been thoroughly renovated and refitted. Call and see the improvements.

Any one missing stock should call at Charley Thomas' corral as the pound is situated there now, and the pound man is taking up all the stock that is found in the city limits.

Mr. Ed. Stump arrived in this city to day, from his mines in the Huachuca. Ed. reports everything as working nicely, and are long expect to realize something handsome from his properties.

The extraordinary popularity of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the natural result of its use by intelligent people for over forty years. It has proven itself the very best specific for colds, coughs, and pulmonary complaints.

Taken up at Seven Ranch, one horse paid me, with my mare colt. Mane braided in, tail straight, perpendicular, with circled by two half circles; no brand on colt. The owner can have the same by paying property and paying charges.

W. W. Constant.

A lady writes: "I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my family for many years, and could not keep house without it. For the relief of the pains consequent upon female weakness and irregularities, I consider it without an equal."

There is one enterprising man in Tombstone, and you can see it by his opening up such a mammoth establishment right where the Grand restaurant was formerly.

He keeps nothing but shoes. A. Schwartz has full confidence in Tombstone's prosperity.

10-11.

The Latest.

CROOK'S CAMP, June 1.
MESSRS. CASAR & WASHINGTON.—We have just captured a train load of wine, liquor and cigars, and have held out some to entertain Crook with when he catches up with me. I sent the remainder to you by express.

TOMORROW June 4.
MR. HOW CHIEF.—Have received the goods, and our saloon is crowded night by people eager to purchase. Casar & Washington.

THE BANK EXCHANGE saloon keeps the only genuine brand of Tea Kettle whisky.

DON'T FORGET.
All kinds of tailoring done. Clothes made, cleaned and repaired at the lower living rates at the tailoring establishment of Chas. Harris, in Bauer block, on Fourth street.

FOR SALE.
The counter, shelving, stools, range, in fact, all the fixtures of the Crystal Palace Restaurant, must be sold by the 15th. A rare chance will be had cheap. Apply at the Cigar restaurant. Je-10-25.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.
Having been suddenly called to San Francisco, Dr. Dugg will attend to my patients and those who may need me during my absence, which will be but a few days. C. E. Goodfellow, M. D.

NOTICE.
Horses taken on pasture at reasonable rates, at the California ranch, 15 miles from Tombstone. Good feed, water and shade. For particulars apply to J. M. Nash, at the Eclipse bakery on Allen street.

GIVE THE NEW TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT A CALL. I guarantee perfect satisfaction, or no pay demanded. All work done at short notice. Don't fail to see him. Chas. Harris, Bauer's hotel block on Fourth street.

OFF SHOOTS.

Good linen sheets \$1.25 at Meyers.

\$6 pants for \$4 at J. Meyers & Bros.

Overalls 75 cents per pair at Meyers.

Flannel underwear for cost at Meyers.

Tea Kettle whisky at Rafferty's saloon.

Shoes for your own price at J. Meyers Bros.

Go to Schwartz for your French shoes.

Kegs every night at the Bank Exchange.

For genuine Tea Kettle whisky go to Cap Rafferty's.

KENO! STOP 'ER! HOLD 'EM! At the Bank Exchange to-night.

A fine leather trunk given away with eve. purchase at J. Meyers & Bros.

The best California butter, 40 cents a pound at the Cash Store of WATKINS & MEYERS.

Three dozen eggs for \$1, at the Cash Store of WATKINS & MEYERS.

Meals cooked to order.

All goods below cost at J. Meyers & Bros. Allen and Fifth streets.

Mrs. Jones, the enterprising proprietress of the International Restaurant, has secured the services of that monarch of the swells, A. Berenthal, who takes the helm to-day. Cooking done only in first-class style, at the best inn, and other important saloons.

Full stock calf boots for \$4 at J. Meyers Bros.

Spring heel child's shoes in great variety at Schwartz's shoe store.

Gen'tle'ne boots from two to five dollars at Schwartz's shop store.

Schwartz is selling boots and shoes for less than any other dealer in town.

Procure your tickets for the big \$2250 keno pot to take place Sunday night.

The Pioneer mills flour, Sacramento, is the best in the market. For sale at the Cash Store of WATKINS & MEYERS.

Specialty.

Specialty.